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# Solidago Sunday

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**Solidago Sunday**

The veiled sun cast no shadows  
And little light.  
Bustling, busy buildings and benches are now  
Naked and bare.  
The cars are as tombstones guarding  
An asphalt grave.  
All activity has departed  
And the town clock is frozen.

Yet the breeze blows on  
The only sound is the groan of rusty swings swaying  
As the wind rolls leaves across a sidewalk silently.

Is it Roanoke, part II?  
The morning after Armageddon?  
Or just a Sunday morning?

The wind whistles around the brick corners  
The ground is trodden upon for six days  
And the earth's soft song drowned out by the cawing of people,  
The roar of engines, furnaces, and the din of many radios.

But now the great machine and its drivers sleep.  
And the stoplight bounces and waves in the wind  
And the trees whimper  
And the fields lick the wounds  
And the sacred kef is restored  
So one lonely soul can wander  
And finally be alone.